Dogmatist Insists

upon the path,brush
slicing his now far-

advancing face.
We could barely
shoot him from this

angle. But another’d
arise,worse. And now,

we’re bottlenecked,
mixed with competing
expeditions. His voice

flung back to all of us,
strident,righteous echoing
within the limitless woods

until swallowed by
a green buzz. And then
that,too,stops.

Since we can’t move,
we begin talking.

Querulous,closed,and yet
a joy creeping into the quiet.